



T H E

Hawkers New-Year's Gift ;

To all Their

Worthy MASTERS and MISTRESSES.



HIS Annual Visit, we (as here-
(tofore,
Thro' Love and Int'rest) pay each
(Master's Door,
'Twas always usual in the Days
(of Old,

And Ancient Custom is a Law we're told,
Be that as 'twill, we take the common way,
Our kind Respects and grateful Thanks to pay.

The Bell-man Nightly breaks your silent sleep,
But we more Manners and Decorum keep,
We come i'th' Day, and brings the best of News,
That may divert, instruct, inform, amuse,
Your worthy Minds, when you have leisure Time
And such Improvements make the Thoughts
(sublime.

But now alas! the Dearth of News is great,
And nought of Wars with Truth we can relate,
The Worlds at Peace, how long it will be so,
The Lord of Oxford, no nor BOB do know,
Some hidden Sparks in Ashes of't we rake,
That unaware blaze forth, and Fire take.

Hap as it will, our Printer will take Care,
Nor will the Cost, or Pains, or Labour spare,
To get the best Intelligence that Way,
Within the Land, as well as o're the Sea;
Of what is done in every Clime and Coast,
Which shall be Publish'd in our PENNY-POST.
And as our Paper was the first of its kind,
The best and freshest News therein you'll find,
Let others borrow from it at their Ease,
Our Mistress cares not, so she you do please,
'Tis all her ho, and our Ambition too,
Your Printer, nor poor Hawkets more can do.

In Summer's Heat, and Winter's pinching Cold,
We go our Rounds as we were wont of Old,
To do our Duty with a Cheerful Heart,
Because you Act the just, and gen'rous Part,
By her, and us; who would not strive to please
Such Mistresses, and Masters, good as these;

Poor Folks like we, by instinct always love,
Them ever best, who do most kindly prove,
We've found you so, by you we only live,
Accept our Thanks, 'tis all we have to give.

Our State is low, so is our Thoughts likewise,
We hardly Care whoever falls or rise,
Who most esteem'd, or who cashier'd of late,
We ne're distract our Brains with Cares of State,
Who an't, or is at Court the most in Favour,
We mind not; 'tis your love we still endeavour,
Your Bounty to us ev'ry Christmas Time,
Is all the Subject of our homely Rhime.

Let it suffice we've grateful honest Hearts,
And will esteem you for your great Diserts,
As you have always at this time prov'd kind,
So now we hope, the like to see, and find.
Then we'll be merry o're a Pipe and Pot,
And Masters Fame, and Health shan't be forgot,
And ardent Wishes for your good Success,
The ensuing Year which we will thus express.

The PRAYER.

MAY Peace and Plenty flourish in this Isle,
May GOD, and Nature on you daily
(smile,

May Health and Trading blest this Native Land,
May Feuds and Factions now be at a stand,
May Truth and Honesty be ever us'd,
May Faith and Trust be never more abus'd,
May ev'ry Body have their Due and Right,
May all our Masters live in sweet Delight,
May all their Spouses in Conjugal Love,
Be more endearing, and admir'd prove,
More Charming still; And may your Hawkets
(find,

Them always courteous, and their Masters kind,
May ev'ry Year encrease your Joy and Bliss,
And ev'ry Christmas happier far than this.